

Resumption

by Tervos

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Summary: A new challenge arises. Sly pursues thieves on the rooftops of Paris. Lady thieves. Also features sewerception. That's the sequel of "Retired", another one of my fics - Reviews are welcome.

1. Chapter 1

And here he was, jumping from roof to roof. The famous one. Sliding on tiles, still putting skill in every move he made. Even more than usual, in fact.

>These guys were pretty good when it came to this kind of thing.<p>

These roofs were covered of a thick layer of snow - He managed to keep in touch with his mastery over the years, but that wasn't stopping his feet from burying deep into it.

What were these boys in black even seeking ? They could have tried to lose him, at the very least. Splitting up, stuff like that.

>But he did notice some other shady things on the way here. These guys knew what they were doing. They did manage to pull off pretty uncommon moves.<p>

On the other hand, he had little to no other lead - If this was a trap, he would ultimately have to deal with it. He needed to know who these guys were, and what was their goal.

>But the most important thing was still to get her back. Letting her, such a charm, get captured by random and mysterious figures ? That wasn't something he'd let happen.<p>

Right, Sly ?

There was no answer.

Sly was always calm, even when the danger was evidently present. Though, all raccoons are supposed to be warm-blooded.

That stairway the troublemakers were on about sounded like it was missing half it's crews. It was connected to another one of those dim backstreets, quiet from main boulevards.

>Sly didn't have much luck with them today, really.<p>

Their black boots hit the alley's crackled ground, but didn't make a noise. Aiming for the manhole that was in the middle, the boys in black bolted along the lane.

A grin appeared on the raccoon's face.

He knew the sewer plans of this city by heart. "Including the newest changes", he thought to himself.

Keeping in touch with sewer plans. That's part of the stuff that's close to a pastime to Sly, but that would be crazy to a normal person.

>The last grunt waved at Sly maliciously, then jumped in the manhole like the rest of the group. Fortunately, Sly was immune to this kind of pesky move, thanks to some of his past experiences.<p>

Sly hit the sewer's brick ground, and kept the chase going.

It's been a while since he last got inside the city's sewers. It's been a while since he did anything really exciting at all, in fact - mostly because he didn't need to.

>With a bit of luck, they didn't know the sewer plans as well as him. And with another bit of luck, they didn't know they were running straight into a dead-end, either.<p>

Hm.

Sly took a look over his shoulder. Ending up being sandwiched couldn't be nice.

That was going to hurt. He didn't truly know for which side, though. But he wouldn't have gotten very far in his career without his improvisation skills.

Suddenly, the footsteps that were resonating through the tunnels stopped.

>He raised his cane, preparing for combat, while keeping it's fast pace.<p>

That was the final turn. The one that was right before the stalemate.

2. Chapter 2

A small noise echoed within the sewers.

>Then, everything went silent.<p>

Don't worry. That was just the tip of his cane tapping the bricked floor out of surprise.

I mean, they could have just been waiting for him with more guys around that corner.

>Or with another kind of trap. They had a pretty big pack of options

here.<p>

But there was nothing. Not even a trace left.

>Sly was just standing here, staring at the dead end's crackled walls.<p>

Woops.

The raccoon's hasty footsteps resonated amongst the tunnels, as he checked the last few passages.

>Once more, ending up being sandwiched couldn't be nice.<p>

But there was nobody here either. Not a single figure, or even sound. They couldn't possibly have vanished. He clearly saw them taking the turn.

Some say that taking a break from a puzzle and returning to it later could help with finding a solution.

>Waiting couldn't possibly be a good thing in this case, though.<p>

He walked back to the stalemate. This time, something caught his eye. Two, in fact.

First. There was a lipstick that was just sitting there, on the floor. It was Carmelita's favourite brand - Her lips were always colored

>of the same hue. Sly was heading the right way.<p>

"Why, hello you." said Sly as he picked it up.

"Sup, man. I kissed your girlfriend more than you did."

Sly gave it a confused look, and put it in one of his pouches.

Second. Seeing a sewer manhole inside sewers themselves wasn't an everyday thing, was it ?

Sly was a sewer specialist. He could indeed confirm that sewers inside sewers were not an usual thing.

With a bit of suspicion appearing on his face, he approached the manhole.

>There might as well be an actual trap behind it.<p>

"I'd ultimately have to deal with it", Sly thought to himself, putting one of his knees to the floor.

Sly put his cane aside and grabbed the slab, pulling it out of it's slot.

Screech.

BANG.

...

The sound it made was pretty horrible, isn't it ?

But, oh man. If you could just imagine what was right behind it.

That's right, still nothing.

>At this point, he legitimately didn't know what to think of these guys. They were so predictable, they actually became erratic.<p>

Under the manhole was a metallic small ladder, no more than just a couple of meters long. It still looked like sewers inside.

>It was still rather quiet, too.<p>

Some hesitation could still be felt, of course, but he wasn't doing all of this for nothing.

>It was for a pretty interesting cause, so to speak. It's no secret any more anyway.
Sly grabbed his cane again and jumped down.

What were they going to do to her ? Where was she ?

The room was a bit cold. She couldn't move her arms or legs. She couldn't really feel them, in fact.

Carmelita slowly opened her eyes. The first thing she saw were some kind of prison bars ? Just a few meters from her.

>Everything seemed blurred out, she couldn't really tell.<p>

Her head was hurting like hell. And then, she remembered.

She saw something inside that alley, a silhouette that really looked like Sly. Did he do that to her ?

Carmelita looked around her. She was alone, in a prison cell. It was small - More than three persons in there wouldn't really work.

>She was sitting on the dusty ground at the end of the room. She could feel the rough wall scratching against the back of her jacket.<p>

A shadowy figure that stepped on the other side of the bars got her attention.

"Carmelita Fox. You're awake." said a low-pitched voice.

She reached for her shock pistol inside her bag, but-

"Is that what you're looking for, sweetie ?" it said, her purse hanging from it's hand.

"Don't worry beauty, this is going to be ours for a while. Stun guns can get really useful, sometimes."

"Who here are we ? What is this place ?" said the vixen.

The shadow let out a short, malicious laugh.

"Why would I even owe you some answers ? I am not the prisoner here. You are."

The figure flinched at Carmelita's fairly dissuasive growl, her claws trying to shred the floor.

"That was worth a shot, I'll give you that."

"You're going to regret whatever you're doing, sooner or later." said Carmelita with her usual accent.

"I can assure you you're the one that's going to end up 'regretting', if you try anything. It's time to go now."

A faint beep was heard. The cell's gate slid open.

"So don't try anything. Get up, and come on out."

"What are you going to do to me ?"

The figure revealed itself by stepping inside the cell.

>It was a croco, tough-looking like most of them. But this one was looking tougher, wearing a fully black outfit with tinted aviator glasses, and a long dark cape.<p>

"We're just going to ask you a few questions, nothing to worry about."

Carmelita crossed her arms.

"I won't move an inch from here until I have some explanations, you brute."

"Oh, miss Fox's turning into a real rebel, isn't that right ?"

The reptile leaned forward, and put his hands on his knees.

"You clearly don't know who you're talking to, so let me clue you in. I am not-"

...

"You're not what ?"

"I am not..."

The croco dropped on the floor, revealing another figure right behind.

"Turns out he was right. Stun guns can get really useful." said a familiar voice.

Carmelita remained silent, as her pupils were growing bigger.

"That's not how you showed me to use them, though."

And even bigger.

"I don't think my cane would have been as effective on this one, what do you think ?"

That was it.

The vixen ran at Sly, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Ringtail !"

Sly winced.

"Haha, you sure are happy to-"

And then she slapped him in the face. Sly winced harder.

"Ouch... So soon ?" said Sly, rubbing his cheek with his hand.

"That's what you get for not saving me earlier !"

"But how am I going to be able to kiss you now ? And hey, I didn't save you yet."

Sly looked at his hand, checking if his mouth wasn't bleeding.

"We've still got something much bigger to take care of before we can get some vacations."

3. Chapter 3

The room's door clanged.

"That was close. Do you think we're going to be safe here ?"

"As long as no one gets in ? Yeah, sure." said Sly. He was walking around, checking the room out.

The lights made a buzzing sound, and crackled sometimes.

>This hadn't been cleaned in a while. Dust was floating in the air, all across the room.
There were sets of rusty shelves pushed against the walls. Paint pots, various tools and alike stuff were on them.

"Why don't you come take a seat over here, Carm ?" said Sly as he was approaching the whiteboard, at the end of the room. "I've got to explain a few things."

"This is all I was waiting for."

Carmelita put her purse down on the table in front of the board. She didn't know where to sit down, though.

"Hey, Carm."

The vixen took a look over her shoulder. Sly was there, holding a chair.

"Did you already forget I was chivalrous with my ladies ?"

"I just needed a reminder."

They could hear the sewer's flow above their heads.
>It was cold in here. Probably due to the air conditioning.<p>

"What's the plan, Sly ?"

"As I said, dear officer, there's something much bigger we need to take care of. Before we can have some days off." said Sly, marker in hand. "We're under Paris, in some secret base, held by some secret organisation. A lot of trained operators and other personnel are with us down here."

"How are we going to get out ?"

"It's complicated. We're not bailing that soon."

Sly unfrocked the marker, and drew some kind of machine on the whiteboard.

"That's the base's power generator."

He drew a dozen other ones next to it.

"But they have to replace this generator often. They're cheap bootleg ones, and have a pretty low lifetime. Destroying the one currently in use would be useless."

"That's not very bright."

"I told you these guys were shady as hell."

Sly drew a bigger generator in the middle.

"We've got to take out their generator generator - the machine that creates these cheap illegal generators."

"That just got it past the borderline."

The raccoon nodded.

"We're doing this for two things."

Sly drew an explosion over everything else there was on the whiteboard. It said "boom".

"Firstly, this will put their base out of use, screwing up whatever these guys' business was. Don't worry, no explosions."

Sly cleaned the board with the eraser.

"Secondly, this will unlock and open every door down there. They're holding other people as hostage as well."

He put the marker cap back on, making a faint click, and leaned on the table.

"The plot twist being that they're all Interpol agents from around the world, just like you."

"Do we know what they're planning to do ?"

Sly took his hands off the table.

"I don't have a one hundred percent. They've been capturing and

questioning them for some time. We're getting them out of here too."

"That's strange. We didn't get any report about missing agents at work."

"They've captured the people that were supposed to make them first."

"That's too simple."

Sly shrugged.

"They have a radio relay down here, but they're monitoring it. Do not try to call backup."

"How did you know learn all of that ?"

"You know me Carm, I have my ways. I've noticed there were surveillance cameras all over the place, too - I might have goofed. If they're keeping an eye on those, they could set off the alarm any second now."

"So our time might be limited."

"Exactly." said Sly. "... I'm surprised these markers are still working."

"I didn't expect it to work either." said Carmelita.

Sly approached the marker from his face. And he realized.

"Sly, is that my lipstick ?"

End
file.